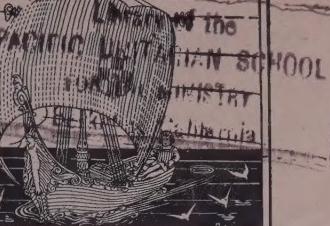


The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME



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The Blue-Ribbon Girls Remember

BY BAYARD D. YORK

NANCY May Hammond rushed in, somewhat out of breath.

"What do you think, girls?" she cried. "Mr. Layland has asked the Blue Ribbon Girls to march in the Memorial Day parade. We're to dress in white with a band of blue over one shoulder. And—"

"Dad says it's going to be the biggest parade the town ever had," Bess Livermore exclaimed. "There'll be over two hundred high school boys and girls in it, not to mention the grammar school people and the D. A. R. and the veterans—and everybody."

"The high school band is going to march and play," Ada Sheffield added. "I heard Dick Collins talking about it this morning."

Nancy May looked around.

"Ready, Helen?" she asked. "Because if we're going to tramp to Eagle Mountain and back before suppertime, we'd better be off right away."

With a few good natured jibes from the girls whom they were leaving behind, the two "hikers" started out. Helen Linton glanced up at the gray clouds.

"It's chilly this afternoon," she remarked.

They quickly left the city streets behind. Then, as they were passing a small house on the outskirts of the town, Nancy May suddenly stopped.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose something is wrong?"

A man's thin face showed at one of the windows; and he seemed to be gesturing rather wildly. Then, as Nancy May hesitated, she caught sight of something behind him that caused her to leap toward the door.

"The room's on fire!" she cried.

She opened the door and rushed in. The floor near a small "box-stove" which stood at the back of the room was in flames. The man was at the other side of the room, near a large chair which was filled with blankets and pillows.

"There's a pail of water in the kitchen yonder," he said in a thin unsteady voice. "I guess if you're quick—"

But Nancy May did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. In a moment she was back from the kitchen with the water. She emptied half of it—and instantly realized that in her excitement she had thrown it too far. She poured out the remainder more carefully.

For a minute, she thought that the fire was out. Then it burst out again. More water was needed.

But Helen had not been idle. She appeared now with a kettle in her hands. And this time, with the second supply of water, the fire went out—and stayed out.

The man settled back into his chair.

"Had a good fire in the stove there," he exclaimed. "Guess I must have dozed off, and a log must have fallen against the door and pushed it open. Anyhow, I woke up and found things blazing."

He paused for breath. Then he chuckled a little.

"Mrs. Briggs—she's the housekeeper—will scold about all this smoke and everything," he remarked. "Since I was sick last winter, her scolding is about all the excitement I have."

Nancy May had noticed the little button on his coat.

"Are you a Grand Army man?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Then you'll be in the parade," Helen said.

The thin hands trembled a little.

"No," the veteran said slowly. "I'm too weak to go out. I asked the doctor specially about the parade—I haven't missed one before this for eighteen years. Last year I rode in an automobile—but it just tuckered me all out. I can't do it again. I'll just have to sit here and kinder think myself back to Gettysburg and the Potomac."

He was silent for a moment; then he looked up with a little wistful smile.

"I would like to hear the roll of the drums and the call of the bugle again," he murmured.

As the girls walked homeward an hour later, they said little. Their thoughts were of the feeble veteran whom they had left with Mrs. Briggs.

"If only Mr. Simpson could ride in an automobile," Helen remarked. "But if he can't, he can't—and that's the end of it, I suppose."

And Nancy May nodded.

The parade was to start at two o'clock. It was past one o'clock on Memorial Day afternoon when, in a lightning flash Nancy May realized that after all there was something which she could do for the lonely veteran out on the mountain road.

She hesitated. It was something which she did not want to do. Then she went downstairs and called Bess Livermore on the phone.

"I won't be in the parade," she said. "I'm going out to stay with Mr. Simpson."

As she stepped out through the gate a few minutes later she heard the stirring roll of a drum nearby. Some unit of the parade was marching to its position in the line.

Her lips came together firmly. This little suggestion of the great event of the afternoon brought sharply to her mind how much she



"AROUND THE BEND IN THE ROAD MARCHED THE HIGH-SCHOOL BAND"

Drawing by Alice C. Stidson

wanted to take part in it—to march to the music of drum and fife and horn.

But she turned resolutely toward the mountain road. If she wanted to be in the parade, how much more keenly must the veteran of a great war long to have his share of the spirit of the celebration.

"I'll stand by," she told herself. "It may not help much—but at least it is something."

Her first glimpse of Mr. Simpson brought tears to her eyes. He was sitting in his big easy-chair—but he looked very different from the man she had seen yesterday.

He had put on his frayed and wrinkled uniform of blue. On the table at his side rested his grand-army hat. He was sitting straight and soldierlike before the open window.

"Do you think we can hear the bands out here?" he asked.

Nancy May stepped to his side and listened. Suddenly she raised her hand.

"I do hear them," she murmured.

They listened together for a long time. Then the faint strains of music died away—the parade was over.

Nancy May brushed aside a tear of disappointment impatiently.

"You were at Gettysburg?" she asked.

The bent shoulders straightened. His eyes flashed.

"Yes," he said. "You see, we were on a hillside, with a corn-field over to the right hand, and a cluster of trees right in front of us. And Lee's army—"

The minutes rolled past as he recounted the story of that long-ago battle—and before he had finished Nancy May had forgotten the parade.

Suddenly she leaned toward the window in surprise.

"Listen!" she cried.

But he had heard already. On his thin deeply-lined face grew a smile of wonder and of pure content, as from beyond the nearby turn of the road came the clear stirring beat of a drum.

The drumbeat changed to a roll. Then from horn and clarinet came the strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Around the bend in the road marched the high school band—and behind it, led by the Blue Ribbon Girls, a great company of the boys and girls of the school.

Nancy May guessed what had happened. The Blue Ribbon Girls had remembered the veteran who could not go to the parade!

The band and the marching throng behind it stopped in front of the little house with the open window. The tune changed to "Dixie."

Mr. Simpson nodded.

"Yes," he murmured; "—we'll play 'Dixie' too."

The horns and the clarinets died into silence; and from the fifes, in dancing tones that seemed to echo from the distant hillsides, came the tones of "Yankee Doodle."

The veteran's thin fingers beat time.

"Our band played that at Gettysburg," he said.

The dashing old marching song ended; the horns sounded a deep majestic chord. Then—

Nancy May and the man in blue rose together. His head was held high; and his shoulders seemed to grow broader as they straightened. Slowly his stiffened hand rose till the fingers touched his forehead.

"Tis the Star Spangled Banner—oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Nancy May helped him back into the chair.

"That is the best song," he said.

But her quick ears had caught the sound from outside the window.

"No," she murmured softly; "—there's a better song even than the Star Spangled Banner. Listen."

Soft and sweet, not unlike the strains of some distant organ, came the clear full chords—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee—

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

At a sharp roll of the drum the boys faced the open window. For a minute they stood erect and motionless—young true soldiers of the republic. Then their hands rose to their foreheads in salute before the man whose bent shoulders and faded uniform form the badge of the priceless loyalty of that army of long-ago.

Then they turned and marched back toward the city—all except the other Blue Ribbon Girls. Nancy May met them at the door.

"It was wonderful," she breathed.

She said a few words to them—and they nodded, and followed her back into the room where Mr. Simpson sat.

"We'll remember you again next Memorial Day," she said. "But we are not going to wait till then—we're coming out to see you often."



Colorbearers

BY RUTH H. COLBY

FOX Valley was excited. It was to have a flag dedication. The little grey stone library was to have a brand new flag, a silken, gold-fringed banner, as beautiful in its outward glory as in its inner meaning. But of all the valley the most excited was the Academy. The presentation was to come on Decoration Day. To be sure, the veterans of the G. A. R., in all their pathos and dignity, were going to present it formally—but—joy of joys—someone, some lucky someone, was to hold that flag, on its gleaming standard, during the presentation, and then that chosen one, with the eyes of the general public upon him—or her—was to step forward with the flag, pass between the lined-up veterans, and place it in its socket on the oak-panelled wall of the arched hallway, where it would remain forever, a thing of beauty and remembrance.

Every boy and girl in the Valley had contributed toward that flag, from the pennies of the tiny tots, to the nickels, dimes and even quarters of the "big" boys and girls. Just who was to be chosen no one knew. There was Mary Ellen Grant, the minister's daughter. There was Jimmy Cole, admittedly the best Scout of the troop. There was Abbie Doolittle, who belied her name, and always had the highest average of her class. There was—oh well, what was the use. Each one kept on hoping, and little else but the coming Decoration Day ceremonies were talked about.

"There's that Schmidt boy," said Mary Ellen Grant, as she and her boon com-

panion, Lena Banks, walked languidly home in the bright May sunshine. "Horrid German."

"His mother is an American," said Lena. "She was born right here in this valley, my mother said so."

"Well, his father was German. Look at his name—Schmidt! He doesn't even spell it Smith like a decent American, and Mary Ellen walked by the fair-haired lad with her nose visibly uplifted and her eyes straight ahead.

The mountains had a certain soft haze as if the late northern spring had cast a delicate grey-green veil over their ruggedness. The whole valley breathed of peace, but in the soul of Mary Ellen war was stirring.

"I don't think that Schmidt boy ought even to be allowed at our Decoration Day exercises," she declared righteously, "and I'm going to see that he isn't." "Her vigor was worthy of a better cause. Besides no one knows a thing about him, except he's got a German name, and lived out in Missouri or Michigan or somewhere"—western states were vague to these New Englanders,—"before his mother came back here."

The next day Miss Wentworth was conscious of a little undercurrent among her pupils before school began. She caught excited phrases—"He shan't." "We musn't allow—" "German." At recess it seemed more marked. Her desk, usually swamped by admirers, was deserted, while here and there little groups talked. Quietly watching, she noticed how all the looks seemed to focus on her new pupil, Frederick Schmidt. Being a wise young lady, she said nothing, but that very afternoon found her greeting Mrs. Schmidt at her modest

white house and accepting her invitation to enter.

By the next day Mary Ellen's leaven had begun to work, at least among the girls. The boys were not yet fully convinced—anyway Schmidt was a dandy pitcher, but the ugly sentiment was growing, and Mary Ellen felt the prideful glow of one who serves her country well.

The class in History A was called. Mary Ellen loved that best of all. Miss Wentworth smiled at the fresh young faces. "I want to review a bit today," she said, as she pulled down the big map of the United States. "Do you remember President Lincoln's great anxiety, when the Civil War came, lest all the slave states should leave the union?" The class nodded at her. "And do you remember some didn't, and how that lessened the President's dreadful strain and worry?" Again they nodded. Mary Ellen lifted her hand—"Maryland—Kentucky—Missouri—"

"Yes, Missouri," said Miss Wentworth softly.

Reaching down in her desk she drew forth an old-fashioned round-framed picture. No one saw the Schmidt boy in the back of the room start and flush. A faded, folded newspaper followed, and finally a heavy leather belt with a curious socket arrangement attached to it. The children watched with intense interest. They always loved object lessons. Miss Wentworth turned the photograph toward them. It was a fair-haired man in the blue uniform of the north.

"When the war broke out—" her soft voice came clearly, "this man was in the Missouri legislature. He early saw that it was a war for freedom. He had come to this country some years before for that very freedom he loved. So every day he rose to his feet and plead with his fellow members in the legislature to keep Missouri loyal to the union. He was hissed and hooted by the slave men but he never stopped."

She lifted the yellowed newspaper. It crackled faintly in the still room.

"Here are two columns of his most famous speech. One man alone could not save Missouri, but one brave man can draw other brave men, and Missouri stayed in the union."

She lifted the heavy belt.

"This man enlisted—he carried the colors in his Missouri regiment—he lived to see his own son leave for France and"—very softly—"stay there—forever. This man's name—they are proud of it out there—"

She gazed down at the photograph. You could have heard a doll's pin drop in that room.

"His name—was Frederick Schmidt."

The silence continued. The very ticking of the clock sounded loud and painful. Then Mary Ellen slowly got to her feet.

"Please may I say something?" she stammered, a little quiver in her voice.

"Maybe I shouldn't ask it, but—but—just to show we're glad some of his family are here, couldn't our Frederick Schmidt carry the flag on Decoration Day?

Someone started a loud clap. The usually decorous schoolroom burst into enthusiastic applause. Miss Wentworth smiled. A fair haired boy in a back seat raised a glorified face.

Summer

BY CHARLOTTE I. DUTCH

BROWN and purling, deep and cool,
Winding brook and shady pool;
Sun o'erhead, trees bending low,
As I onward, onward go.
Cardinal flowers and grass breast-high,
Mossy log and summer sky,
Alders stirring in the breeze;
Busy dragon-flies and bees;
All in heav'n and earth is gay;
How perfect is a summer day!

A Sharer

BY MARY C. RINGWALT

MOTHER! Moth-er, where are you?" cried Kathleen Morris, all excitement as she came dashing in from Sunday school. "Mother, I've something to tell you. I'm going to be a sharer."

"A what, dear?" asked mother in a puzzled tone between kisses.

"A shar-er who shares things with others," said Kathleen very earnestly. "Betty Allen, and Dorothy Dixon, and Sallie Thomas, and Ann Frances Hulen—everybody in Miss Patton's class—is going to be one. We're to have a club and call ourselves the L. S. C. girls. Little Sharers Club girls, you know. And we're to meet twice a month at Miss Patton's house, and have reports and lemonade and cakes. Won't it be *wonderful*, moth-er?"

"It sounds very interesting," smiled mother as she helped Kathleen off with her coat so as not to muss her collar, "but I don't think I've quite the idea yet. What are you going to share?"

"Everything that's nice. Everything that makes us happy. 'Not what we give but what we share,'—that's to be the L. S. C. motto. And I'm going to start straight in tomorrow and try to think of something to share with somebody else every single day in the week. For Miss Patton says that's the whole trouble. People don't mean to be selfish,—they just don't *think*."

As good as her word, the moment she got up the next morning, Kathleen looked about the room to find something that she could share.

"It must be a *beautiful* something," she began, and then broke off with a delighted little squeal.

On the broad sill of her casement window stood a tall bulb-glass with a stalk of hyacinth in full rose-pink bloom which day by day, with breathless wonder Kathleen had watched grow from a bulb that when first planted in water was as homely and unpromising as an onion.

She would take her hyacinth to school and share not only its perfected loveliness but also the wonder story as marvelous as any fairy tale of its growth and bloom.

So bright and early Monday morning Kathleen began to be a sharer.

And so she went on.

Tuesday she shared her roller-skates with Evelyn, the across-the-street little girl who had none and sat on her front steps watching all the other little girls on the block roller-skate with such longing eyes.

Wednesday she shared her five cent bag of caramels with Tommy, a little around-the-corner boy, who was standing looking wistfully in the candy-shop window as Kathleen came out the candy-shop door. And it wasn't easy to share. For more than once Tommy had stuck out his tongue at her and "not acted like a gentleman."

Thursday she let Mary Louise, the little next-door girl who was homesick for her mother, ill in a hospital, take Victoria Antoinette Maude to stay over night with her. That was even harder than sharing her caramels with Tommy. For she and the beloved doll always slept together.

Friday Kathleen took to school a whole armful of picture books almost as good as new that mother and she had chosen for some poor little children that teacher had told about who lived way up in the mountains where there were no bookstores nor libraries.

And Saturday when Kathleen and her best friend Pauline were playing on the front porch and Aunt Lucy had come in her automobile to take her to the Park, Kathleen had whispered in Aunt Lucy's ear and asked, if she was willing to share her rides on the donkey and merry-go-round, couldn't Pauline be invited to go with them.

Yes, it had been a wonderful *sharing* week. And the next week was going to be even better. For on Saturday of that next week was to be the L. S. C.'s first meeting and Kathleen was determined to have a report that no *sharer* need be ashamed of.

Then out of a clear sky the awful thing happened.

The awful thing was *measles*.

Poor little Kathleen was heartbroken.

"For when a little girl is sickabed and quarantined from everybody with a *catchable* disease," hopelessly wailed Kathleen, "how can she possibly *share*?"

In reply mother in her turn asked a question.

The *funniest* question, thought Kathleen.

And this was mother's question.

"When you put pennies in your little bank, does it mean that you can never make use of them?"

"Why of course not, mother," emphatically denied Kathleen. "I put them in to save them. So that later on I can spend them for something I particularly



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

29 ALBANO ST.,
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it greatly. My teacher's name is Mr. Butner. I go to the Unitarian Church in Roslindale. Our minister is Mr. Casson. I am ten years old and am in the sixth grade of the Charles Sumner School.

Yours truly,

WALTER BECK.

28 MCCLELLAN ST.,
AMHERST, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—Just a line to say that I would like to join the Beacon Club. Mr. Ives is our minister. Mrs. Ives is my Sunday School teacher. Some of us girls sang on Easter Sunday. I am almost fourteen and I am going to High School this fall. I live with my grandmother and grandfather as my parents are dead. I would like to correspond with some of the readers of *The Beacon*.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH SMITH.

want. Something bigger and nicer than I could buy for two or three pennies at a time."

"Well, dear," smiled mother, "it is the same way with sharing. Every now and again in life something happens to make us stop for a while and put away our pennies of experience so that later on we will have more to share."

"But, mother, I don't quite see what you mean?" said Kathleen with a puzzled question-mark in her voice.

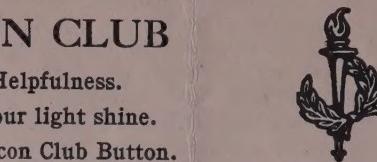
"I mean," explained mother very earnestly, "that this little sick-abed, shut-in experience that you are having now, put away in your heart will give you sympathy for all other sick-abed and shut-in people that you could not have had in any other way. For the most beautiful sharing of all, my dear little girl," said mother with her shining smile, "is the sharing of love and sympathy and understanding."

Church School News

GEUNE enthusiasm is so rare a quality that we should like to share with our readers an extract from a pleasant correspondence the Department of Religious Education has been having with a really enthusiastic person.

One of our church schools in New England recently disposed of its Sunday-school library. Packages of books were sent to three different places, one of these being a small village in Northern Maine. There have been long periods when the only Protestant church in this village has been closed; there had been no Sunday school for two years and never a library within many miles. The zealous woman in charge of both the school and the library writes as follows:

"My little Sunday-school of a year ago numbered two; now it is thirteen and that is about all the little ones there are here."



10 WOODLAND AVENUE,
MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club. My sister belongs and every day I would say, "Annie dear, will you write me a letter?", and she would say "You are too little." Now she is writing the letter. I am six years old and like *The Beacon* very much. I hope some boys will write to me.

Yours truly,

ROBERT C. ORPIN.

5 GOULDVILLE TERRACE,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to join your Club and wear its button. I go to the First Unitarian Church in Boston. The minister is Rev. Charles E. Park. I am thirteen years of age and am in the seventh grade of the John Winthrop School. My teacher is Miss Wilkinson. I would like to correspond with some girls of my own age or older.

Very sincerely yours,
ALICE GOOGAN,

Tell Miss F. her 75 volumes have sprouted and grown like Easter Daffies. We now have 200 and more to come. I gave a little two dollars and spent it at a second-hand book store in Portland. The proprietor, Mr. H., let me have eight books for it and sent five extra as a gift from himself to the little folks. Then I had a good fat ten dollars given to me and he let me have 25 volumes and gave me five extra. A box of 19 came from the Woman's Alliance in Portland; they are to send some children over the "First Parish" and we are to be given the harvest. A box of 22 has come from Congregational friends in Portland. A nice big bookcase has been given by the Company by which I am employed. I don't believe anybody can realize what all this means to the people here. I wish you and the other helpers could see the eyes when I tell them of what comes in each package.

I want to teach the children now, while they learn so easily, the difference between books and trash. There are quite a few here who do not come to Sunday school who are interested and glad to have books,—15, 16, 18 years and up. The library is not in the church, where it could be reached only on Sunday, but on the third floor of the Company's office building where I work and live. The children come at any and all times, as though I hadn't a thing to do, and everybody is telling of the big success it is. I meant to make it go but I did not think they would appreciate it so early.

When I can get time I want to send you copies of the Bible verses they have learned."

A more recent letter says that the library has now been enriched by a year's subscription to *The Youth's Companion*, *Nature Magazine*, *The American Boy* and "one more little magazine to come."

It still seems to be true that "Where there's a will there's a way".

In Cleveland, the church school gave, at Easter, in the church auditorium the pageant "The Sacred Flame" which has also been given for several successive years in Unity Church, St. Paul, where it was written by a member of the church from the old Florentine legend told in a story by Selma Lagerlof. At Indianapolis, this year, "A Pageant of Spring" was written by Mr. George Cottman of that church and produced by the school under his direction on Easter Sunday afternoon in the church by members of the school. Music by organ and harp, with three appropriate songs by solo voices, accompanied the pageant.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVII

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 11, 9, 18, 14, is a boy's name.
My 3, 16, 14, 13, is what the sun does.
My 7, 16, 14, 15, 8, 17, is what you should do when someone is speaking.

My 2, 12, 11, is a kind of fish.

My 4, 9, is not down.

My 5, 6, 7, 15, is much used in cooking.

My whole is a city and country in Asia.

RICHARD PERCIVAL.

ENIGMA LXVIII

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 2, 9, 6, is a small animal.
My 1, 3, 4, 8, 6, is a representative of a business firm.

My 3, 7, 5, is a machine used in taking seeds out of cotton.

My whole is a country in South America.

D. H. S.

HIDDEN TREES

1. How ill owls look by day.
2. Where was the fire?
3. All arches are not alike.
4. We, too, ran generally when he appeared.
5. I do not fancy pressed flowers.
6. I hope a change will be made.
7. The principal met too many obstacles.
8. That is a pretty ewer.
9. He sings bass, I think.

E. A. C.

BEHEADING PUZZLE

1. I am not all; behead me and I am a single unit.
2. I am numerous; behead me and I am some.
3. I am negative; behead me and I am positive.
4. I am to divide; behead me and I am always.
5. I am one of two; behead me and I am victorious.
6. I am an uneven number; behead me and I am equal.
7. I am to sunder; behead me and I am a conclusion.
8. I perceive sound; behead me and I am an organ of sound.
9. I am medicine; behead me and I am sick.
10. I am a boat, behead me and I am a ancient ship.

THE TARGET

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32

ENIGMA LXIII.—The Outline of Science.

ENIGMA LXIV.—Huckleberry Finn.

Pi PUZZLE.—"O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother,

Where pity dwells the peace of God is there,
To worship rightly is to love each other,

Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

END-LETTER CHANGES.—Park, pard, pare, part.
Hale, halo, ball, halt. Marl, mart, Mary, Mars.

A DIAMOND.—

C
FIR
CIDER
RED
R

CHARADE.—Sunset.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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